

The Tuxedo Club

Zirconia, N. C.

Four miles from Hendersonville, N. C.

As the property will appear when improvements are completed.



YOU are standing near the summit of a rugged mountain—one of the Blue Ridge Range, and 3000 feet above the Atlantic, the highest peaks East of the Rockies gazing calmly towards you. It is a gigantic, heaped-up mass, whose steep slopes are still covered with virgin woods. You are in the very heart of Nature undefiled, for everything is as when the Indian hunted the bear which once made its home here—and, to tell the truth, it would not surprise you very much to see the Indian!

This is the home of the Tuxedo Club. The all pervading peace of the surrounding mountain giants is as the peace of God; and the cares, the masquerades, the shams of the great cities almost within sight seem very far off indeed.

The Tuxedo Club.

The Tuxedo Club is to be the very latest exponent of that community plan of living which has proved so highly successful in the mountains of Western North Carolina. The Club property is on the Southern Railway between Hendersonville and Saluda, and fourteen passenger trains stop at its station every day. The Asheville-Greenville and the Asheville-Spartanburg automobile highways touch the club boundaries—pass through it, in fact, thus affording the club members every modern transportation facility.

From where you are standing, near the summit of the mountain, and the site of the club's administration building, you see the shimmering steel of the railway winding its sinuous way to the North and the South. The column of white smoke reveals its passage for many miles and here and there you catch a glimpse of the creeping train itself. Yonder is the Greenville automobile highway and just this side is the highway to Spartanburg.

A Superb Picture.

In the near distance stands ridge after ridge of forest covered mountains. Further off many long miles away, but in this clear atmosphere seemingly almost at hand, are the most beautiful mountains in the whole universe, truly the ramparts of the world, proudly rearing their cloud-crowned crests to a turquoise sky. It's a gorgeous panorama of mountain scenery unsurpassed. It's beautiful beyond compare—and certainly must be an inspiration to higher and better things.

The administration building of the Tuxedo Club is to be built on a commanding eminence from which this picture is visible. A well graded road will wind around the steep sides of the mountain to the Tuxedo Station—a mile by the road, a few hundred

yards as the crow flies. For those who may prefer to walk from the station an inviting path, in five minutes, will take them to the Club.

The Lake and Dam.

The path and roadway from the station will lead across the fifty-foot dam which is to hold the waters of a foaming mountain torrent. The pretty lake thus formed will cover many acres and will provide fishing, boating and bathing for the Club members. Electricity will be generated from the fall of this water and this will be used in a thousand ways on the property—among them, to operate a trolley car to the Club building.

But we will suppose you have just left a Southern Railway train at the Tuxedo Station. Or, perhaps, a motor car has brought you, over excellent roads, from Asheville, Hendersonville, Greenville or Spartanburg. At any rate, you are at the station, and perhaps you elect to walk to the Club. You cross the broad, fifty-foot dam and think what a pretty picture it all makes. The sloping sides of the gigantic mountain, wooded to the water's edge; the row boats, the launches, the merry cries of children bathing, the silent fishermen waiting so patiently for a fight with the gamey fish with which the lake is to be stocked.

The Home of the Red Man.

But the path to the Club House invites you and in the solitude which closes in and around you you seem to be lost in the primeval woods of the red man. You instinctively look for the tracks of a bear, but hear only the whirr of a monstrous covey of partridges. The brooding peace resting on the mountain giants keeping watch and ward over the world soothes your soul and God and Nature seems very close indeed. On you walk. You will pass numerous pretty cottages, bungalows and more pretentious residences—the homes of discerning people of refinement who appreciate the rare charm of this natural beauty spot, and almost before you know it you are at the Club building.

And the Tuxedo Club is for people of this class. Congenial folks who know the club colony or community plan of living will solve for them that always difficult problem—"How and where shall I spend the Summer?"

But here is where the administration building is to stand—a great, roomy, home-like building. There will be electric lights, of course, from the waterfalls below, and running water from the crystal pure mountain spring above. All the other conveniences will be found here also, as well as in

the many homes on the wide drive leading from the station to this, the centre of the Club's social life.

In the World, Not of the World.

And a home here means a home in the great world and yet not of the world. The members will have, on their own property, most excellent hunting, fishing, boating, bathing, mountain climbing. But a short distance away there's the railway station or two automobile highways leading into a dozen Southern States. The Tuxedo Club is in the primitive wilderness yet a few minutes ride by motor or train lands its members in the very heart of the commercial world.

The Tuxedo Club, then, briefly, is a community of congenial people spending a part of each year in the mountains of Western North Carolina. This community idea is no untried experiment. It is most signally successful and has solved a most vexatious problem for thousands who would escape the torrid heat of the far South.

Not far away, just across yonder range in fact, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian churches and the Young Men's Christian Association of the South gather by the tens of thousands each Summer in communities which they have built for that purpose.

The home of the Tuxedo Club is in the very heart of nature undefiled—a rugged, monstrous mountain as wild, as rugged and as wildly beautiful as the day the Indian hunted the bear which made its home on its slopes. It is, to repeat, Nature undefiled, Nature in her grandest, most inspiring mood—and it is all very, very beautiful.

THE PLAN AND PURPOSE OF THE TUXEDO CLUB

We propose to convert this magnificent tract of three hundred acres of land into one of the most beautiful resorts to be found anywhere.

We propose to sell 100 memberships in the Club for \$150 each, payable \$50 upon signing application for membership and the balance in monthly installments of \$10 each.

These memberships will run for a period of twelve years, and each member of the Club and his family shall enjoy all the privileges of the Club in its several departments and shall be given a title to one building lot on the Club estate.

We propose to erect with the money received from the sale of memberships, a modern club house on a suitable location on the

club estate where the members and their families will be furnished board at actual cost.

We propose for the protection of club members and the protection of the entire community, to adopt strict building regulations covering the cost of buildings erected by members, the sanitary conditions of premises and purposes of buildings so erected.



Green River, noted for its superb trout fishing. This beautiful stream is known throughout the South. It is close to Tuxedo Club.

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The Tuxedo Club

D. S. Pace, President
Hendersonville, N. C.